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No. 4.

### THESE THINGS DO!

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**Maine Farmer.**  
Z. A. GILBERT, Agricultural Editor.

C. H. Waterhouse, proprietor and manager of Hillside Creamery, Windsor, Vt., who, it will be recollected, gave a lecture before our dairy convention at Skowhegan last year, has accepted the appointment of manager of the dairy department at the New Hampshire experiment station at Durham.

A new system of rural free delivery of mail has been started at Great Bend, Kansas. The man who drives the milk route to the creamery delivers the mail to each patron on his return trip. Combination is the order of the day, and here is a practical illustration of the principle in a new field.

#### THE MEASURE OF VALUE.

In the symposium on the merit of Jersey cows published in the Farmer two weeks ago it is interesting to note that the breeders and owners of this class of stock all set down performance as the leading measure of value. That is, they estimate a cow not for her good looks, not for her pedigree, not for her particular markings, not for her conformity to the rating of the score card, but for the pounds of butter she will measure out in a year for her owner. Mr. Peer dwells somewhat on "type" as he necessarily must in order to defend the ground he takes as an expert in the show ring. But what is meant by "type"? What is the type of a Jersey cow, the ideal that breeders and dairymen are after? Mr. Cobb, the most extensive breeder of Jerseys we have in the State, says "the one goal of the Jersey cow is rich cream and butter." Mr. Pike adds, "her dairy capacity." Mr. Alden, "the dollars and cents they pay." Mr. Ellis, "merit in the Jersey cow is the ability to return to her owner the largest profit on the cost of her keep." Even Mr. Peer finally lands on substantially the same platform in saying before he gets through that he holds that it is the business of a judge to select the animals that are the most perfect in dairy conformation, and the highest representatives of the breed, and when you find the ideal animal you will have a perfect dairy machine whose production is only limited by the quantity of food she is able to consume.

#### MAINE RELIGIOUS NEWS.

Rev. H. F. Hinckley was ordained pastor of the Baptist church, Palermo, on the 21st inst., sermon by Rev. J. W. Wyma, Augusta.

Rev. C. F. Andrews, late of Oldtown, as accepted a call to the Universalist churches at Freeport and New Gloucester.

The Universalist church at Brunswick, as voted to close services Jan'y 1st.

The Free Baptists of Gray have decided to hold a convention, and expect to begin work next Monday.

Maine ministers of nearly all denominations have founded an association for mutual investigation and discussion of the essentials of Christianity. The large number uniting reap the benefits, those seeking lose the advantages. The seventh annual session was held in Auburn on Thursday, Nov. 18, to-day, will open the session of the Free street Baptist church at Bar Mills.

It is reported that Rev. E. A. Read will close his pastorate with the Universalist church at Bar Mills on the 30th of the year.

The ordination of Rev. Hugh McCallum as pastor of the Congregational church at Waldoboro, occurred Tuesday, Nov. 23, at 10 o'clock. The Free street Baptist church, Portland, has resigned, his resignation to take effect Dec. 31.

Pierre Soucil Wallagras, the only man in Maine who ever attempted skunk arming on a large scale, offers his place, tools and fixtures for sale at a bargain. He has abandoned the business and confessed that skunk culture doesn't pay. Last year he took 200 pelts from his pets, but prices for oil and skins have dropped and the profit is gone.

The ground in Northern Aroostook region in some places is covered with feet of snow and the sleighing is excellent.

the milk flow. Would recommend, however, a trifle more of the gluten when used in place of cotton seed.

The ration of meal feeds named is a light one and we can hardly think so small an amount of cotton seed could have any injurious effect. But cotton seed meal is now too high cost as compared with other meal feeds to be used any way. An objection goes with the use of gluten that it makes soft butter.

(2) A good ration for cows in full flow of milk, with feeds at present prices, would be: Two quarts corn meal, a like weight of gluten meal (not gluten feed), four quarts wheat bran, given in two equal feeds, each day. Large cows giving full flow would need more; heifers, and cows with milk shrunk down would need less. This would not be a strictly balanced ration according to the books, but cows would do well on it and keep up in good condition. Mathematical ratios are correct in theory but as used with a variation so long as cows do not respond to feed with mathematical accuracy.

(3) The yield from Jersey cows under good care should be 5,000 to 6,000 pounds of good, rich milk in a year. There are some, unfortunately, that milk less, but there is now and then a great, strong cow that will milk 8,000 pounds. The amount of milk first named should make 250 to 300 pounds of nice Jersey butter.

#### SAWDUST AS A FERTILIZER.

A neighboring farmer wishes me to ask the agricultural editor of the Farmer if there are any fertilizing properties in sawdust which has been used for bedding horses and cattle, otherwise than what have been absorbed from the droppings?

In my own experience I have found that sawdust and decayed chips from ship yards when applied to fields planted with potatoes, turnips or beets cause them to be rusty or scabby, especially when applied in the furrows or hills.

It is substantially correct to say that sawdust has no fertilizing value in itself alone, applied to the soil liberally it would have a slight effect in rendering it more porous. On light soils this is not needed and would probably be an injury. On a heavy soil this more porous condition would serve to aid in rendering available the insoluble forms of fertilizing elements already in the soil thus giving the appearance of carrying fertility with it.

The effect noted of applying "chip manure" to the soil has been observed by others. The application of sawdust used for bedding, however, is in so limited quantity that no marked results would follow.

#### GRASS A SPECIAL CROP.

We have several different times called attention to grass as an exclusive crop, and have shown its favorable comparison with other special fodder crops. We find in the *Rural New Yorker* a statement of George M. Clark of Connecticut of what he has succeeded in accomplishing by devoting the soil to this one crop alone and giving it the liberal fertilization necessary to success with other croppings. The essential principles necessary to the production of the remarkable crops he has succeeded in producing are set down by Mr. Clark as follows:

1. The most careful and thorough preparation of the soil.

2. Heavy manuring with soluble fertilizers.

3. Heavy seedling to timothy and red top and the best care of the ground.

The yield of the last harvest from a field of sixteen acres is thus given by Mr. Clark. The harvest of the first crop from the field was completed July 10. The crop weighed from the field 155,400 pounds. The second crop from the same field was finished Sept. 25, and weighed 53,070 pounds. This was an average in the first crop of about 4 1/2 tons to the acre for the entire field, and of 1 1/2 tons to the acre in the second crop, or nearly 6 1/2 tons to the acre for the year.

These figures appear enormous, yet where is the farmer who can say that even with the largest of his hay crops he has fully reached the possible limit of his land in this crop? There is always room for more. In fact, Mr. Clark goes on to state that 10 1/2 acres of the field, of which a separate account was kept, produced 84 tons of the crop, and that the best 6 1/2 acres averaged 17,355 pounds to the acre. In his case experience has taught that intense cultivation is necessary to great crops. The better the cultivation the larger the crop. There are great possibilities in the soil.

#### CHAMPIONS OF THE BEEF RING.

A pure bred "white-face" won the sweepstakes of the best steer in the show on foot at the recent Fat-Stock Show at Chicago. A grade Shorthorn won the championship on the butchers' block. The Clay, Robinson & Co.'s special of \$300 for best car-load of fifteen animals was taken by a lot of Aberdeen-Angus two-year-olds, shown by L. H. Kerrick of Bloomington, Ill. The average of the lot was 1,500 pounds. Thus all the notable beef breeds had a back at the plume. This is enough to show that each of the breeds has merit as a beef-maker. Plainly the distinction is between individual animals of a breed than between the breeds. So

that for the individual breed he likes the best is the kind for him to breed and feed. The sweepstakes hereof was shown by that noted breeder, W. S. Van Nutter of Fowler, Ill. He was a two-year-old and weighed 1,830 pounds. An Aberdeen-Angus of a like age lifted the beam at 1,756 pounds. A Shorthorn but just turned the two years mark drew down the scales at 1,538 pounds. Good breeding and intelligent feeding are bringing out remarkable results in the way of early maturity in the growing of beefs. Maine feeders are not yet quite up with those western experts, but they are after 'em and certainly are making rapid progress in the work.

#### For the Maine Farmer. HOW TO JUDGE.

##### What Constitutes Merit.

Mr. Editor: In your paper of November 11th, I notice several very interesting letters concerning judging. The majority seem to carry the idea that a judge should and is expected to pick out the animal that is the best for the purpose it is kept for. The style or form of the animal does not seem to be taken into account. Type or characteristics are of no importance. They want the prize given to the cow that has the dairy capacity for shelling out the most dollars and cents "because that is what they keep them for." Now such a view of the case may be all right from a milkman's point of view but no one, I believe, who has any definite or fixed plan as a breeder, or, any man who has paid long prices for some particular animal of any breed, would think that was sufficient. If he has, then I must insist that he did not know what he was buying. It argues further that such a person has no conception of what is being sought after and cultivated by men who are breeders in the true sense of the term.

A man pays \$150 for a Jersey, Guernsey or Ayrshire cow when he could go to some neighbor and buy a native or grade animal for \$50 that would equal her in the years' production at the pail. Now, let me inquire of my Maine State friends who want to see a cow judged on her worth at the pail because that is what they keep them for, for what did you pay the \$100 extra on the Ayrshire, Guernsey or Jersey? Was it simply to have a cow with a pedigree? Remember the animal makes the pedigree not the pedigree the animal. Was it to have a peculiar color? Then you were very foolish as you can find grades of any color or breed them yourself to your liking and buy three with your \$150, instead of one.

I saw last year, in Scotland, a farmer that had the courage to pay \$2000 for a bull, simply because he was getting cows with perfectly shaped udders. He could have bought one for a hundredth part of that sum out of a cow with an inferior udder, but that was not his policy. That is why I would pay a hundred dollars more for a pure bred Ayrshire with such breeding back of her. Then if you pay \$50 for the dairy qualities of a pure bred animal, and one hundred dollars for her build, her style, her Ayrshire features, her markings, her perfectly shaped udder, you balance blood and worth at the pail. If I say we can buy the making qualities for \$50 and must pay \$100 for type, then we have arrived at a principle upon which to judge; and a principle who goes into the ring to judge animals on their real merit, must judge accordingly. If you call type a fancy, no matter, that is what you paid your one hundred dollars for, call it what you like.

It is a simple thing to get a cow that is a big milker, that is an easy milk compared with getting one perfect in shape. Proper feeding of calves can do much, almost anything, to make a great producer, but it takes money. It takes a breeder to produce a perfect shaped specimen, because they are always inclined to degenerate to their original type, and when such an up-to-date animal comes into the ring she should be rewarded. When some old cow comes in, that, in form of udder and conformation shows that she has gone backward a hundred years or more towards her original parentage, I do not feel like rewarding her simply because she is a good dairy animal or setting her up as a model for breeders to follow as a typical cow.

Farmers who keep pure bred cattle and want them judged on their merits, that is as good milkers or good butter makers, should show them in such classes but not bring them into a ring with up-to-date cattle and expect a prize, because no judge can give them one on that score alone. If you care no more for a Jersey, Guernsey or Ayrshire than just what she can produce at the pail take my advice and let them alone, you are not the man for a breeder. A fool can breed cows that in style and form are a hundred years behind the times and yet will produce as much milk. Any farmer can breed grades and natives that will equal at the pail, but only a genuine breeder can produce animals up to and ahead of their generation.

But one says: "We don't care for fancy points," well others do, and will pay for them. It is foolish for you to buy them and let them deteriorate. Besides, the points I have mentioned are not fancy and other facts, but that has nothing to do with judging. No judge takes any notion of color, except, such as would indicate impurity of blood. A Jersey color could not pass as a Holstein. This question of judging different breeds by their special or family characteristics is lived up to in England and Scotland, Jersey and Guernsey, otherwise they would never have had Ayrshires in Scotland,

What did we buy when we paid \$100 more for a pure bred Ayrshire? I will tell you why I would pay \$100 more, and I am sure that I will voice the sentiments of every true breeder. Originally, a cow gave only milk enough to rear her young, same as the buffalo and deer. For generations she was used simply for agricultural purposes. Finally, her milk was used to help deficient mothers rear their children, and so on to whatever degree of perfection the bovine race has advanced above their original state, that much they are artificial. Whatever characteristics they now possess over their original parents are acquired characteristics. There is always a constant tendency to revert to the original because the acquired characteristics are not stable and can only be maintained by most careful selection and breeding.

The original cow was a homely brute, a thing with great coarse horns, a sloping rump and an udder which was most inferior in form and size. From this homely, inferior parentage all the families of the bovine race originated. For many hundred years the increase was principally in production and quantity of milk. It is only in the last 300 years that any attention has been paid to improving the form and style of these different families, or attention been given to quality of product. The udder that at that time was simply a sack or pocket, was taken in hand by the skillful breeders; great prizes were paid for bulls that produced animals with more perfectly shaped udders; and following this, some noted breeder set the fashion for color and style of horns. So by the greatest care and expenditure of thousands of dollars on sires and cows, there has resulted this perfect conformation seen in the Ayrshire type.

Scotland and Canada have at the present day developed an animal that is just about faultless in udder type. Of course it is understood that dairy form and capacity have not been neglected in the least. Now, when I see an Ayrshire cow come into the ring that represents this highest ideal type of the breed, I say the man that produced that animal was a breeder, an artist.

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Short horns in England or Jersey or Guernseys in the Channel Islands. If judging calls on their ability at the pail, (as some would have it in Maine) there never would have been a separate distinct breed but just a lot of high class dairy cows, such as you find among natives and grades. Therefore, is it so very difficult to produce a perfectly shaped animal of any breed and comparatively easy to produce a grand dairy cow of no special breeding. In a showing that requires the best Jersey, best Guernsey and best Ayrshire that perfection of form counts more than performance at the pail.

Of course it is understood that perfect Jersey, Guernsey and Ayrshire heads, markings etc., alone can not win. A cow must have dairy capacity. If I were advising a person how to proceed in judging I would say, first pick out the animals of most perfect dairy form, and give the prize to the one most perfect in family characteristics. Very Truly,  
F. S. PEER.

It is a pleasure to print the above able defense of the judge. Mr. Peer is making a good record in the show ring and everywhere impresses exhibitors with his honesty of purpose and sincerity. At the same time, if it is impossible to combine blood and performance, and in judging, measure with some degree of accuracy the worth and value of each, then something is wrong somewhere. If this knowledge is beyond the power of man to attain, then we are not making very long strides up the hill.

The immense gain in output of individual product, whether beef, milk or butter, has come as the result of the intelligent study of the laws of breeding, selection, care and feeding. Neither stand independent of the others. Blood may be the corner stone of merit, but selection and care are equally important. Somehow, somewhere, the skill must be gained to measure, in the show ring, not only evidence of breeding, but of performance and continuance in same. To claim that this knowledge is impossible is to limit the scope of breeding. In every other department men are solving the same general problem by finding the harmony of parts and the society of fine adjustment in connection with the quality of the machine. To be sure they deal with inanimate matter, but who dares say the brain of the animal cannot be controlled as well as physical structure. Admit an ideal type, built for special purpose, and the whole field opens for harmony of structure, and back of that, harmony of mental powers in accord with will of owner. If these be possible, then the ability to measure the same is possible.

Here is the field for the expert, whether in the barn, yard or ring. There is a dairy temperament as well as beef, and there must be a dairy or beef type. The pure blood which fails to carry type or the other is a failure. Perfection in either has not been reached, it is still the ultimate goal, but in judging this element of type as well as of ability to maintain and perpetuate same, must be recognized. Beyond are the evidences of quality of product which still are debatable points. Gov. Hoar stoutly maintains that internal structure of udder speaks of quality of product, and so becomes a factor in judging. Experience proves this in some degree correct, to what extent no man can say, and it must be recognized. To our mind a judge is to determine not only which animal best represents the breed for which it stands, but also gives greatest evidence of ability to perpetuate and strengthen performance in offspring, by and through its own individual characteristics. Blood is of no value unless it evidences merit along the line of highest production to-day. Mr. Peer does not mean what he says when he states that "any fool can breed cows to produce."

Breeds are simply grades raised to pure bloods by continual selection to type, color, etc. The man who, to-day, by a judicious cross, breeds to give 7,000 lbs. of milk and make 400 lbs. of butter is no more a fool than he who reaches the same result by availing himself of the skill of others. If he maintains his foothold, as hundreds do, and improves year by year, he is as truly a skillful breeder as his neighbor. The great busy, bustling world-to-day is looking for performance, not as an accident, but a natural consequence, and finding where it can, puts the seal of worth upon it. Mr. Peer presents strong points in a clear manner and in the hope that further discussion may be provoked. This comment has been made. The Farmer hopes to hear further from him.

G. M. T.

#### For the Maine Farmer. THE REASON OF IT.

The Turks say "Patience belongs to God, hurry to the devil." Now if that is so no one doubts that patience is an attribute of God. In regard to the evil one, this whole Yankee nation must be severely related to his Satanic Majesty, and a good many Yankee farmers could beat the "father of lies," whether they are related to him or not.

Take the potato crop for instance: One of the most desirable and what should be for our the most important crops grown on the farm, receives the least attention and is frequently the poorest crop grown. Why, do you ask? Simply because the majority of us are in such a tremendous hurry we can't give the crop one-half or even one-quarter the care and cultivation which it requires. There isn't a crop grown on the farm which will respond more quickly or better to proper treatment, or one that will pay better, and yet there are few crops so carelessly cultivated or wholly neglected. If any doubt this let them ride a few miles in any direction into the country about the last of August or first of September, and take particular notice of the potato fields. They will see some fields filled with weeds as high as a man's head and others so filled with grass and weeds as to require mowing and raking before any potatoes could be dug.

We have every reason to be proud of what we have done, but we ought to do better. Maine, in 1896, Raised 8,108,100 Bushels of Potatoes on 49,140 acres, the total valuation of the crop being \$3,081,078, making an average of 165 bushels per acre, and receiving a higher price per bushel than either New York or Ohio and many other States. New York is the banner State in the Union, producing 34,553,911 bushels, at a total valuation of \$10,649,712, but the average per acre was only 89 bushels, and price per bushel but 31 cents, while in Maine they averaged 38 cents in price. Ohio raised over 17,000,000 bushels, but her average per acre was only 89 bushels, and price per bushel 26 cents.

There are some counties in New York, however, where many of the farmers produce annually from 300 to 400 bushels per acre, and that is what many of us ought to do here in this.

Good Old County of Kennebec, a county that only a few short years ago was the leading one in the State for potatoes. Thirty to 40 years ago, scenes at the various shipping points for potatoes in this county would rival, if not out-rival, any that may be seen in Aroostook or any other county this season.

Why can't we raise them now just as easily and extensively as we could once? I believe we could raise them more easily than formerly because we have better tools to work with, and just as extensively if the financial results were the outlay. The reason why we don't do it is very plain. It is because we have the silly notion in our heads that hoed crops, and especially potatoes, don't pay. Of course they don't when we are not willing to give them half a show. Then there is that other equally silly notion that potatoes are the crop. We had a better crop of barley and a better catch of grass seed this season after potatoes, where only a commercial fertilizer was used last year for dressing, than after corn where the land was well manured and some fertilizer used in the drill.

Said a prominent Sidney farmer to me the other day: "I can make more money raising potatoes than from any other crop," and I think more of us could if we had a little more faith and pluck, and studied the situation thoroughly. In fact, if we take plenty of time and do our work better.

W. P. A.

#### For the Maine Farmer. WEST OXFORD.

##### The Farmers' Hard Season.

We are harvesting the shortest crops, excepting hay, that have been harvested for many years, and the courage of many farmers is poor. "Farming is a failure," is the cry, "Farmers are taxed and ground down and have to live under laws they do not make," etc., etc. I say to them, let us see about this. We admit they pay more than their share of taxes, as their property can be seen and appraised more easily, than many farms in other kinds of business, and no doubt a large amount is covered up, so the assessors can not find it. We admit we have some laws not made by or for the interest of farmers. Now, whose fault is this? We have elections once in two years, and farmers can if so minded, elect men to right their wrongs. Will they do it? No! We are strong enough if we unite, we have good, intelligent, educated, live farmers, who can make laws, as well as doctors, lawyers, merchants and politicians generally, and we can right these wrongs if we are so minded, and it looks better to stand up and fight squarely for our rights than to tag along behind and whine.

The hay crop is the largest ever harvested in this section. Stock of all kinds is much higher than it has been for years; young stock never sold as fast as present, and the prospect ahead looks bright. This will help out short crops, and it looks to me as though the extra hay, the gain in price of the farmers' stock and crops that we have harvested will about balance the average year. We are having a nice fall to do work, and if we prepare properly for another season no doubt we shall raise good crops, as lightning hardly ever strikes twice in the same place.

C. B. SMITH.

#### Denmark, Maine.

If you like the Farmer, please tell your friends; if not, tell the publishers.

#### For the Maine Farmer. WASTES IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

I wish to thank the Farmer for the able article on the State School Superintendent's "Wastes in our Public Schools," although I think you have drawn it very light. The Farmer

##### Is the Only Paper

I have seen that does not, when the superintendent kicks the countryman with one foot, turn and give him a kick with the other. That there are many chances for improvement in our rural schools there can be no doubt in the mind of any one that has had anything to do with them. No doubt Mr. Stetson has the best interest of our schools in view in what he says and does, but is he taking altogether the right course? Why is it that he makes his onslaught altogether on the "Rural" schools? Are the city schools perfect? Or is he mindful of the fact that the press is confined to the cities and is fearful if he

##### Slaps the City Schools,

they will slap back. There are thousands of people in our rural communities that have as deep an interest in the improvement of our schools as Mr. Stetson, who are asking these questions:

Will it be any help to our schools to drive all of our progressive and intelligent citizens from the school board by holding them up to public scorn because they are fortunate enough to have a son or daughter, or any relation, that is capable of, and wishes to teach school?

Is it any help to our schools to publicly proclaim that all our people who have interest enough in them to give their time without compensation are Rogues and Fools,

something which is done by implication though not in words?

Will it increase the interest in our schools to continually increase our expenses while our valuation is rapidly decreasing?

We are already paying about four times as much on our dollar to maintain a State institution as the city man's dollar pays, and with less than one-half its benefits. If we complain that it is unjust, we are told we receive more from the State than our tax to the State. It is like the answer of the overseers of the poor to the man who applied for help: "Go starve, you have already received more than your tax."

##### The Great Panacea

with which Mr. Stetson proposes to cure all the ills in our rural schools is "Class Supervision." Perhaps this will do it, but it would seem that a law that would do so much good could be interpreted as it reads without any danger. He claims that \$1150 is a small compensation for the office, yet I venture to say that there are thousands of first class teachers in colleges and academies, and that do not get that sum, and if our State is hiring teachers to teach teachers, it is doubtful if more than three or four get that amount. Some of the poor farmers would like to know

##### Where this Money Comes From

which the State pays to these "Class Superintendents." We old farmers do know that our schools are not as good as we would like to see them. We know also that our school houses are not all built after the most modern architectural plans. We know that our school rooms are not hung with Rembrandt's, as he recommends. We know that we have been unable thus far to procure teachers endowed with all the qualifications and virtues that he thinks they should have to qualify them for the position. We know also that we are taxed to, or above the limit of our endurance, and when we are called "hogs" and "beasts" because we do not have an acre or so of land laid out around the school house, and kept in order like the grounds around our county buildings and State hog pens, where criminals and hogs are kept, it is rubbing the salt into the sore pretty hard.

##### AN OLD FARMER.

##### Drying Seed Corn.

This year again call attention to the importance of care in the drying of corn intended for seed. Corn was late in ripening this fall and consequently late in drying. It will probably be freezing weather, though, as early as usual. Hence unusual care is called for in the care of the seed corn. In order for seed corn to be sure to germinate it is necessary that the cob be completely dried out before the ears are exposed to freezing. Some farmers are so particular as never to store the corn intended for seed where it will freeze. We always take the precaution to dry our corn by fire heat. Every kernel is then sure to sprout if properly planted. See to it then, that the seed corn is completely dried out before freezing weather comes on. It pays to know you have good seed. It is not yet too late to see to it that the seed corn is thoroughly dried.

Many farmers never find the full worth of the harrow, and it is a common mistake, when preparing the ground, not to harrow deep enough. The clods just beneath the surface often do more harm than those above, as they prevent the moisture from rising.

Let their be no slackening in effort until every acre upon the farm is put upon a paying basis. There is usually a way to do it if we but hunt it out.







## Home Department.

A Standard Sewing Machine or Solid Gold Watch free. Made by the best manufacturers in America, complete and warranted in every respect. Write the Farmer for particulars.

## WHAT OF THAT?

(By the author of "Touting on the Old Camp Ground," "Waiter Kettle," "Reed's Ferry," "N. H.")

"I'm neither rich nor poor; What of that? No mortgage looms near; Thank God for that. The sun shines bright, I see, There's beauty in the tree, Our flag floats o'er the free— Thank God for that."

I have a little farm; What of that? Where nature lends a charm; Thank God for that. I work with a good will, The autumn bins to fill— Thank God for that."

If you have a loving wife, What of that? It's the crowning sheaf in life, Thank God for that. A jewel and a pearl— You are richer than an Earl; A little boy and girl; Thank God for that."

My friends are kind and true; What of that? Enemies are few; Thank God for that. If I take a prayerful part, And do right well my part, It will touch some gentle heart; Thank God for that."

They say I'm growing old, What of that? As up life's hill I climb, If the branches do entwine, There's fruit upon the vine; Thank God for that."

The time will shortly come— What of that? We are all going home; Thank God for that. We must move on with the tide, To reach the other side, With the boatman we must ride, With the tide."

Out on the other shore— What of that? There's life forever more; Thank God for that. The fields are fruitful, fair, Sweet fragrance fills the air; Our Father's home is there, And everywhere; Our Father's love and care Is there, and everywhere."

## HOME RULE.

One evening, not long ago, I listened with considerable pleasure to a lecture of interest and importance. Never mind what the subject was. It might have been "National Perils" or "Rocks Ahead," or anything else, on which we, as a people, are likely to make shipwreck. The lecturer spoke of intemperance, Sabbath desecration, the rush for riches, the love of pleasure and several more. Every word was true and the half was not told, simply because it could not be told, but strange to say, the greatest and the direst of our national perils was not even mentioned. This sorest evil, under our American sun, is the lack of family discipline, the absence of family government; what I call the abuse and abdication of "Home Rule."

It is pitiful to notice how early some parents abdicate the God-given right of ruling their own households well. These are not always parents of the low, vulgar and brutish order, but parents who are intelligent and who claim to be respectable. While the children are not yet in their teens they are allowed to pledge the parents' credit for eatables and drinkables, for recreation and gratification of the animal sort. Before they are out of their teens, they go where they like, stay as long as they like, come home when they like, or not at all. The parents do not know where they are, whom they are with or what they are doing. The teaching profession in our public schools is degraded because the teacher's authority is not backed up by parental approval; on the contrary, in every dispute between master and pupil the majority of parents side with the child, sometimes visiting the teacher with unkind words. Even God ministers, holy men of God, are moved about from place to place, every few years, because, forsooth, "the young people like a change, you know." Very young now come to their father frequently now-a-days with "Give me the portion of goods that fall to me," and he not only gives half, but he parts with all, and after trying to live with one after another, and finding such living unbearable, he retires to the poorhouse, where he has plenty of leisure to think over his criminal indulgence and his inconceivable folly. The command "Honor thy father and thy mother," the parents are to blame, the children are to be pitied, the community suffers, and an indelible reproach will cleave to the nation until we get back to the good old ways and believe it is going to pay, to "train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." God help the country where the children are allowed to run away with the home, the school, the church and the ballot box; it is the most flagrant illustration of the tail running away with the dog, modern history affords, and a study for the gods.

DONALD MCCORMICK, B. D. Boothbay Harbor, Me.

French and American Women.

A French specialist in nervous diseases, writing of the number of American women who are threatened with nervous prostration, says: "They break down, not from too much brain work, but from brain work in too many directions. A Frenchwoman," he adds, "is satisfied to be either a good mother, a servant, or a leader of society, while the American tries to be all three at once."

This specialist of nervous diseases does not understand that it is just this dissatisfaction at being a humdrum single thing that makes an American woman—The Puritan.

Thanksgiving is good, but thanksgiving is better.—Matthew Henry.

## MRS. LYNSS ESCAPES

The Hospital and a Fearful Operation.

Hospitals in great cities are sad places to visit. Three-fourths of the patients lying on those snow-white beds are women and girls.

Why should this be the case? Because they have neglected themselves! Women as a rule attach too little importance to first symptoms of a certain kind. If they have toothache, they will try to save the tooth, though many leave even this too late. They comfort themselves with the thought that they can replace their teeth; but they cannot replace their internal organs!

Every one of those patients in the hospital beds had plenty of warnings in the form of bearing-down feelings, pain at the right or left of the womb, nervous dyspepsia, pain in the small of the back, the "blues," or some other unnatural symptom, but they did not heed them.

Don't drag along at home or in the shop until you are finally obliged to go to the hospital and submit to horrible examinations and operations! Build up the female organs. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will save you from the hospital. It will put new life into you.

The following letter shows how Mrs. Lyness escaped the hospital and a fearful operation. Her experience should encourage other women to follow her example. She says to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I thank you very much for what you have done for me, for I had given up in despair. Last February, I had a miscarriage caused by overwork. It affected my heart, caused me to have sinking spells three to four a day, lasting sometimes half a day. I could not be left alone. I flowed constantly. The doctor called twice a day for a week, and once a day for four weeks, then three or four times a week for four months. Finally he said I would have to undergo an operation. Then I commenced taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and after one week I began to recover and steadily improved until I was cured completely. By taking the Pinkham medicine, I avoided an operation which the doctor said I would certainly have to undergo. I am gaining every day and will cheerfully tell anyone what you have done for me."—Mrs. THOS. LYNSS, 10 Frederick St., Rochester, N. Y.

"AUNT REBECCA" WISWELL.

The Oldest Army Nurse of the Civil War.

Miss Rebecca Wiswell, better known as "Aunt Rebecca," oldest army nurse of the Civil War, recently died at her home in Plymouth. Miss Wiswell was ninety-one, was born in Provincetown, a daughter of the late Captain George Rix and Salome Nickerson Wiswell, and was the last living member of a family of ten children. Up to the time she was nine years old she lived with her parents in Provincetown, and remembered well the stirring events of the war of 1812. At the close of the war her parents moved to Plymouth, where she lived for some time, then went to Halifax, where she was engaged in manufacture of fine broadcloth, doing the spinning and weaving herself.

At eighteen Miss Wiswell began as a nurse, and followed it most of her life. She lived in Boston for a long time, and took great interest in the welfare of the seamen, being closely identified with the work of the late Rev. Phineas Stowe of Boston Baptist Church. While she was living in Boston the War of the Rebellion broke out, and "Aunt Rebecca" sent daily packages of lint to the State House for the soldiers. She was summoned to Washington by Dorothea L. Dix. The telegram Miss Wiswell left among her effects.

She enlisted as army nurse in March, 1862, and was sent to the Seminary Hospital, where she remained two years. She went to Shenandoah Valley and remained there some time, after which she was transferred to Fort Monroe, where she served until the close of the War. She received as pay forty cents a day.

Miss Wiswell made during her life 100 bed quilts. In the last three years she had eighteen quilts, knit fourteen pairs of stockings and braided six mats.

She was a member of the Collingwood Woman's Relief Corps, was greatly interested in all Grand Army matters and was a familiar figure at all their celebrations in Boston. There were few veterans who did not know "Aunt Rebecca."

She attended the national encampment at Washington a few years ago, and received great attention. On her ninety-first birthday, Sept. 25, she had a reception. Many people called. She has several nieces living in Plymouth.

## For Mothers.

To bring up a child in the way he should go, travel that way yourself. Stories first heard at a mother's knee are never wholly forgotten; a little spring that never wholly dries up in our journey through scolding years.

The sooner you get a child to be a law unto himself, the sooner you will make a man of him.

Children need models more than criticism. We can never check what is evil in the young, unless we cherish what is good in them.

Line upon line, precept upon precept, we must have in a home. But we must also have severity, peace and the absence of petty fault finding, if home is to be a nursery fit for heaven-growing plants.

There is not a man or woman, however poor they may be, but have it in their power by the grace of God to leave behind them the grandest thing on earth, character; and their children might rise up and thank God that their father was a pious man, or their father a pious man.—Dr. McCleod.

Busy mothers are prone to hurry the children into bed. I would that all would reserve a certain amount of time for the children's bed hour, making it pleasant—so pleasant that they will ever look back upon it with the sweetest of memories. Listen to their little sorrows, answer their questions as best you can. In return you will keep the child's confidence as he grows older and other influences (often bad ones) are brought to bear upon his life.

## Little Boy Suffered.

"My little boy suffered with abscesses for nearly three years. I concluded to give him Hood's Sarsaparilla, and after he had taken five or six bottles he was completely cured. Since then other members of my family have taken Hood's with benefit." Mrs. M. SHAFFER, Lyman, Maine.

Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic and liver tonic. Gentle, reliable, sure.

## Young Folks.

A Camera, Gold Watch or Bicycle free to every boy and girl reading the Farmer. Write the office at once for particulars.

## A THANKSGIVING SONG.

BY MARGARET E. SARGENT.

For sowing and reaping, for cold and for heat, For sweets of the flowers, and gold of the wheat, For ships in the harbors, for sails on the sea, O Father in heaven, our songs rise to thee.

For parents who care for us day after day, For sisters and brothers, for work and for play, For dear little babies so helpless and fair, O Father, we send thee our praise and our prayer.

For teachers who guide us so patiently on, For frolics with mates when our lessons are done, For shelter and clothing, for every day's food, We bless thee, our Father, the Giver of Good.

For peace and for plenty, for freedom, for rest, For joy in the land from the east to the west, For the dear starry flag, with its red, white and blue, We thank thee from hearts that are honest and true.

For waking and sleeping, for all that we see, We children would offer our praises to thee, For God is our Father, and bends from above To keep the round world in the smile of his love.

—Selected.

## A THANKSGIVING PARTY.

It was a neat, comfortable kitchen, though wholly lacking in ornament. The floor was as white as soap and sand and willing hands could make it, and was well matched by the angular wooden chairs, which had become almost ghastly from repeated scrubbing.

The brass knobs on the dresser, and even the pendulum of the loud-ticking old clock shone like burnished gold, reflecting the beams of firelight which brightened the dusky room.

The teakettle sang merrily, and Aunt Esther passed to and fro, preparing the evening meal, and watching for the return of her husband from the woodlot.

A little girl stood by the western window, trying to read by the fast-fading light. Her delicate face, long, shining curls, and dainty apparel, formed a bright contrast to the plain room.

"What are you looking for in the almanac, my child? You'll injure your eyes."

"I'm trying to find when Thanksgiving is, but I can't see any longer."

"You'll be more apt to find it in the last paper, Lucy; but I can tell you; it is a week from next Thursday."

"Oh, good! so soon? We'll have one of those big turkeys; and a jolly time, won't we?"

"I'm afraid not, dear; what put that into your little head?"

"Why, auntie, you told me when I first came that those turkeys were for Thanksgiving. I've thought of it ever since."

"Oh, yes, I did tell you so, Lucy, but I meant that we raise them to sell for Thanksgiving. We haven't kept the day since we were first married; your uncle doesn't care for such things. I missed it sadly at first, for we always kept the holidays when I was a girl at home, but I've got used to it now, after all these years."

"I don't think I could," ventured the child, looking solemnly through the twilight of the turkey, comfortably settled for the night on the bare limbs of the old apple tree.

"Well, don't shed any tears, yet, Lucy; if you can get Uncle Jerry to consent, I'll do my part. Better not speak of it till after supper," she added in a whisper, as she heard her husband's footsteps at the door.

So with what patience she could command, Lucy waited till the supper was cleared away and they were gathered around the crackling wood-fire, Aunt Esther with her knitting and Uncle Jerry with his paper.

Lucy was his only sister's child. She was spending several months with him, while her parents traveled in the south, hoping to benefit her mother's health. Two brothers and one sister were at college, and were to spend their Christmas holidays the farmhouse. This was the first time Lucy had been so long from home, and occasionally she suffered from homesickness; and now, with the fear that the loved holiday was to be slighted, an attack of that dread malady was certainly imminent. She felt her courage ebbing away, and hopelessly she sat very still looking straight into the fire, till all the curling, writhing flames melted into one broad sheet of bright mistiness, and then—there were two big tears on her rosy cheeks.

Uncle Jerry, who, underneath his hard exterior, had a really kind heart, was watching her over his paper, and saw the tears, the sly, quick brush of two little white hands, and a brave effort to keep back a sob which was struggling to escape. "Homesick," he thought; "and no wonder with two dull old folks like us; and for a moment he wanted to take her in his arms and soothe her as her own father would; but he had so long repressed all tender ways, that he could not manifest his sympathy. But something must be done. Rising abruptly, he took a pen from the dresser and started for the cellar saying: "Ester, hold the light for me; I want some of them fall apples; they won't keep long."

By the time a share of the fruit had disappeared, Lucy had regained her good spirits, and, with new courage, exclaimed: "Uncle Jerry, can't we have Thanksgiving this year? I'd like to."

"Nonsense, child, what would it amount to?"

"Why, we'd have a jolly time. We always did at home."

"Yes, a big dinner one day, and the doctor the next."

"But what's the good, anyhow?"

"Mamma thinks it's good, and she's always right. Just last year papa thought we'd better not have a dinner, for mamma was so strong, and we were so disappointed—I was anyway—and mamma put her arm around me and said: 'We'll all help and do the best we can, for we mustn't miss keeping a holiday. When my boys and girls have left home and gone out into the world, I want them to have the remembrance of a happy childhood and a pleasant home to help them over the hard places they will find. It will make them better men and women, I'm sure; so order the turkey, papa.' I remember it all, Uncle Jerry, 'cause I thought mamma was going to cry, her voice trembled so, and I believe I should have cried myself if she hadn't said 'turkey.'"

"She never had many good times to remember," said Uncle Jerry, thinking of their hard orphaned life.

"Perhaps that's why she wanted her children to be always happy," suggested Aunt Esther.

"Yes, she said so once," continued Lucy, picking apple seeds out of a core; "and I think, Uncle Jerry, if you had some little boys and girls, you'd feel different about it. But I'm your little girl this year; won't you do it for me?" She was almost frightened as she looked up and met his stern, white face.

"It is your bedtime now, Lucy," interrupted her aunt. "We'll think it over till morning."

And Lucy was to retire to the adjoining room, wondering what she could have said to make Uncle Jerry look so—so dreadful!

An hour later Jerry Winters broke the silence, which was becoming oppressive: "I suppose we must do something, or the child will be homesick."

"Yes," assented his wife.

"Don't see how I can stop choppin' a day, with that contract on my hands, and Jake and Steve have both begged off for Thanksgiving. I wish there were no such things. I suppose nothing less than a turkey will satisfy that child?"

"No; but we can afford it. Who is going to have our money after we are gone? We may as well make the child happy, and have a good time once in our lives."

"She might be happy, anyhow. It seems waste to me, I must confess."

"Well, Jerry, we never wasted very much that way; and it strikes me that if we had more holidays, and had made the old farmhouse more congenial to a young, lively spirit, we would have had our son with us in our old age."

"Ester?"

"I know we haven't mentioned him for years, Jeremiah; but, for all that, neither of us has lived a day without thinking of him."

"Way, I did my duty by him, if ever a father did by his child."

"We did what we thought was for his best good; but I fear we made some mistakes."

"He was wild as a young colt; nothing could tame him!" The father spoke impatiently and scowled hard, lest his face might show the love and longing in his heart.

"He was full of life, and fiery, too, and instead of guiding him gently in traces which could not gall, we bound him, as it were, so tightly that he broke the fetters and disappeared. We wanted him to be old and steady, and his young spirit could not be subdued. I see it all now. There were no companions for him, no 'jolly times,' as Lucy says, and nothing about the old farm worth staying for."

No answer, but a smothered groan.

"There, Jerry, I ain't blaming you more than I do myself. We were wrong, and the boy was wrong, too. If we only knew where to find him, we might make it all right before we die. I'll warrant he has longed to return, but pride and fear have kept him back. He can't know how much we loved him!"

"Oh, Esther?"

"Well, father, I won't say any more. All these thoughts have been crowded down in my heart so long that I had to speak, and I think it'll do us good after all."

She drew nearer and laid her head on his shoulder, while tears rolled down her wrinkled cheeks, and thus they sat far into the night.

The next day, among the families of the neighboring farmhouses, there was but one topic of conversation; the invitation to spend Thanksgiving with Jeremiah Winters.

The eventful day came at last. Lucy, with a dozen girls and boys, made the rafters ring with their glad shouts. Down stairs, the best room was filled with the hum of elderly voices recounting "old times," while in the sitting room the young people were eating apples and

counting the seeds, with much zest and laughter, sly glances and blushes.

In the kitchen a long table was set with good things, while Aunt Esther with plenty of help, was completing the preparations for dinner.

Uncle Jerry excitedly went from room to room, trying to appear as if this sort of thing was of common occurrence in his house. For the first time in her life, his wife had asserted her right to entertain her friends, and now he felt glad that she had persevered. He was surprised to find what pleasant neighbors he had.

It was night and the merry-making was at its height. The walls echoed laughter and song, and from every window lights gleamed far out into the darkness.

From the village depot, five miles away, a traveler was walking over the lonely road as if eager to join the joyous party; but when at length he came in sight of the many lights, he stopped in amazement. Nearer and nearer he came, till through the unshaded windows he saw the friendly scene within. With a glad smile on his face he turned away, and standing in the deep shadow of a pine, he watched long and patiently.

At last, after a host of thanks and pleasant "farewells," all was still, and only three sat in the deserted rooms. A hush fell over them, and they looked thoughtfully into the flickering fire. Lucy, climbing on her uncle's knee, thanked him so prettily for the day's pleasure that he bent and kissed her.

Then, holding out his hand to his wife, he said: "This little lady has thanked me, but we both ought to thank you. It has been a pleasant day to me."

This was a great deal for this man to say; and they were silent again, but each one happy through making others glad.

Then the door opened, and a stranger entered. He was tall and heavily bearded; but a mother's eyes will know her own, and with a cry which expressed the yearning of years, "My boy!" she was folded in his strong embrace, while about them both were clasped the father's trembling arms. No one knew how long they sat together—the long separated family once more united. Lucy, with wide-open eyes, enjoyed to the utmost this crowning excitement, much pleased with the tall cousin whom she had never seen.

"Oh, John, why did you stay away so long?" ventured the mother.

"I came back once, five years ago, and saw you and father through the window. But, knowing I deserved no welcome, I feared to enter. To-night I should have entered at all events; but when I saw you with your friends about you, and later, sitting here with clasped hands, I felt sure of a welcome—sure that you had forgiven the past, and felt only pity for your wayward son. Now I mean to cancel the suffering of the past by making the future happy."

"Now, Uncle Jerry, I told you so! Thanksgiving can amount to a great deal sometimes!" and the merry laugh which followed was not less hearty because it broke through tears of joy.

The Lincoln County News contains the following composition written by a pupil 13 years old, in a Jefferson school, which we reproduce as illustrating the helpful work young people must be doing.

"At the rear of the school house is a pasture covered with rocks. Some of them are immense and so plentiful that some of the boys and girls have gone the whole distance to this spring without stepping on the ground, by leaping from rock to rock. In the side of a hill in this pasture, about fifteen rods from the school house, is a perpetual spring issuing from a seam of a ledge at the rate of one quart per minute.

"The water seems to stop for a moment in a little cavity as if to wait for man or beast, and then forms a little brook that runs easterly across the pasture, and then one-fourth of a mile to Damariscotta lake. The appearance of the spring and the amount of water is just the same as when the first school house was built, 80 or 90 years ago. The clearness, coolness and taste are remarkable.

"The water pail in the school room is seldom used, for the scholars prefer to go when thirsty, at morning, noon or night, along the rocky path up the hill to the spring and dip and drink this 'Adam's ale' as it comes from the rock. Boys and girls, now men and women, who once attended the school there, now living in distant States, when visiting in the vicinity, make a pilgrimage, like the Hindus to the Ganges, to the old spring of water. The spring in winter does not freeze, nor does the heat of summer warm it, but it keeps cool and flows on, and on, year after year, with no increase or decrease."

Luck is like the notes of the old State banks, of very uncertain value; luck is like the greenbacks of the national government, at par everywhere.—President Garfield.

It might be added: Faith is like gold, whose intrinsic value gives it universal currency.

By using a HOME REPAIRING OUTFIT, you can do your own half-soling, Boot, Shoe, Rubbers, Harness and Tires repairing. Repairs outfit No. 1, complete set of articles, only \$2.00. Outfit No. 2, same as No. 1, except Rubbers and Tires tools, \$2.00. Order direct or write for one. F. B. McCormack, New Concord, Ohio, Box 57.

N. B.—Agents wanted; Liberal Terms. 1740

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Try the Maine Farmer for one month.

BREVITIES.

Inside the kernel of the wheat.

Dame Nature tried to pack her best;

The miller quitted under her foot;

He stole the kernel's coat and vest.

She gave us corn, but dropped too much

Of fat within its yellow husk.

And man and beast will need a crust

Who put too much of it inside.

Then rice and barley had their turn.

But man stepped in with still and brew.

And made the liquor that will burn.

The wit, and send the brain to rest.

Then Nature grieved, but tried again.

She mixed fresh dough; and hard and small

She moulded out another grain.

And called it out—the best of all.

A rugged, hardy plant, it takes

The vigor from the rocky soil.

It builds the bone that never breaks.

And gives the nerve that launches at sea.

And Nature smiled—well satisfied.

For there was growth within the oat.

And, oatmeal-fed, we view with pride

The calf, the calf, the lamb or goat.

—Rural New Yorker.

An Illinois man committed suicide in church during the singing of the choir.

Others have been tempted to.

Don't lay this paper down until you have read the list of premiums offered for new subscribers. Send in a club and receive your choice.

It is estimated that it will require 50,000,000 pounds of turkey to go round today, and turkey is only the commencement.

Every farmer who can should plan to attend the State Dairy meeting at Bangor next week, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. See announcement in another column.

Those who fail to read the third and sixth pages of the Farmer lose a weekly treat. The stories are of a high order, and all matter is carefully selected and edited. Read the Thanksgiving stories.

We fancy Bro. Myrick, of the Home-ated, puts on his war paint just for the sake of keeping up the practice, rather than from a desire to hurt anybody. It's a sort of "blow off" for the surplus steam of a super-heated boiler.

"The market reports in the Maine Farmer are the best found in any paper. You have greatly improved this feature, and we farmers prize it." Other important changes will soon be made in this department of special interest to down east readers.

Instead of decrying the work of agricultural colleges, build them up and strengthen them for the great work that is before them. The only effect they can have is good to all the inhabitants. A little care in keeping clear of "ticks" is all that is wanted—lungs and pol being the most dangerous.

Sec. Bliss reports a probable increase in the cost of pensions for next year of from \$5,000,000 to \$7,000,000. In other words, something like 200,000 new pension claims must be attended to. We are not yet so far from "war days" as to forget the obligation due those who volunteered, and woe to the nation when the wise care of the veterans is withdrawn.

If all the brains, energy and capital contained in every square mile of Maine could be enlisted in her service exclusively, she would, with her natural advantages and her grand army of the three essentials, burst forth in the firmament of our national universe as one of the brightest planets, with a lustre bidding fair to eclipse the suns of the many rivals of the West, contending among themselves for highest honors.

Col. F. E. Boothby, general passenger and ticket agent of the Maine Central Railroad, is quoted as saying that he believed next season would be a corker for the summer resorts. Business is growing better every day, and he believes that the season of 1898 will be one of the best for years. Our subscribers who wish to avail themselves of the unparalleled offer of the Maine Farmer through its Summer Home Department, should make certain that the photograph and description of their homes are in the first volume, which will be issued during the winter and placed in every Summer Resort Bureau in the country.

Going to press one day earlier than usual prevents our giving an abstract of the able address by Hon. S. W. Matthews at Bath, upon our summer resorts. It will appear next week.

## BANK EXAMINATIONS.

The editorial in the last Farmer upon the partial and incomplete methods used in the examination of our savings banks has been a fruitful theme, receiving attention at the hands of the daily and weekly press and being freely and favorably commented on by individuals. The bulk of depositors will be found scattered over the State, in the ranks of the great middle class which the Maine Farmer represents. In what has been, and will be said upon this question, the rights and protection of these depositors will be the sole objective point. In reaching this it is a pleasure to be able to state that no criticism holds or can hold against our savings institutions or their officials, save in the single case at Lubec. Neither would we criticize the bank examiners—present or past—for they have followed the established custom of years and gone as far as the best interests of all parties would warrant. What the Maine Farmer would accomplish is a degree of interest among those directly concerned—the depositors—sufficient to insure the passage of an act which would forever prevent the recurrence of a defection like that reported at Lubec.

The Portland Press discusses the question at length, saying:

"The comments of the Maine Farmer on the case of the Lubec bank are timely and generally sound. But there is ample law already to compel the calling in of the depositors' books from time to time for the purpose of comparison. In fact it is difficult to see how the trustees of any of these banks can fully comply with the letter of the law as it exists today without making such comparison to an extent for the State provides that 'two of the trustees, at least, shall once in each year, thoroughly examine the affairs of the corporation.'"

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In New Hampshire the law requires that the books shall be called in once in five years and a comparison made, and in other States there are similar regulations. Something will have to be done in this State by the next legislature to remedy the defects of the existing system, and until this is done the issue will be kept before the public.

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## THANKSGIVING.

Somehow we have come to measure time by events, by special days, one of which is Thanksgiving. Unfortunately we too often neglect to seek and find causes for thankfulness save at these periodic seasons. Regret as one may that every day is not a day of thanksgiving for everybody, it is well to recount sometimes the blessings which fall unheeded like the dew and which, recognized, would warm our hearts. There are special causes for giving thanks in these last days of the year, even if the harvest has in a measure failed, and the full glory of the sun of prosperity is not yet seen. Evidence multiplies to prove that we are passing out of the shadow of depressed business relations and that better days are coming. For this we will be thankful. Thankful should we be that peace rests over our nation while others are at war, that no great calamity has befallen our people, no terrible scourge swept over the land.

With the gradual gathering of the mighty forces and setting them at work to do service for mankind, rich and poor alike, there is coming a broader and better humanity. It shows itself in the grand philanthropic work all over the land, the hospitals erected, the homes endowed, the humanitarian institutions established and the organized charities found on every hand. Distance is being annihilated and the elbows of the world touch as men strive in the busy centers. Thankful should we be that steam and electricity are yearly being more completely harnessed to do our bidding, thankful that the doors open wider every year for the boy and girl in humble circumstances to secure as good an education as is possible for any, thankful still more that there are no barriers in the way of any aspiring young person who would stand at the forefront in any department, thankful that in the broadening processes resulting from this wealth of research and investigation, the rights and privileges of our brother man are becoming more sacred and inviolable.

The spirit of true, fraternal brotherhood was never abated in such volume as to-day and he who attempts to measure the changes which have come during the past thirty years will be amazed at the progress made. Not in blind optimism are we to accept these larger blessings, this broader life, but as an inheritance secured to us through all the toils and struggles of the past and to be turned over to our successors richer, fuller, deeper in all its currents than today. Our faces are set forward—not backward—to a larger life, not a smaller, and he who would catch the inspiration and be ready for the activities coming to his grasp must stand with open hand, thankful and hopeful. Only as the largeness of the life we are living is grasped can we accurately comprehend the relation or importance of the seemingly little details which are a part of our daily task. So let us seek for thankful hearts as we labor for daily bread and the greater comfort of home and dear ones.

## A Significant Item.

There's a chance for a long sermon in the closing paragraph of the following item:

Owing to a decrease in its receipts, the American Bible Society has been forced into a position where it must secure a large sum of money or cease its operations. Rumors to this effect have been in circulation for some time, but they have lacked confirmation until now. An appeal is to be made to the pastors of all the churches in New York and Brooklyn next week for funds to carry on the labors of the society. The Bible House has been put on the market and Treasurer Pouke says that no reasonable price for it would be refused. The property is said to be worth more than \$750,000.

The cause of the present troubles of one of the most famous religious organizations in this country seems to have been a gradual loss of interest.

## State Dairy Conference.

The State Dairy Conference for 1897, at Bangor, December 1, 2 and 3, promises to be of more than usual interest. One of the attractions of the programme is the lecture on "Bacteria and their Relations to Dairying," by Simon C. Keith, Jr., of the Orin Douglas Butter Culture Company of Boston, on the evening of Thursday, December 2d. This lecture will be illustrated with a stereopticon, and will present a new subject, and contain information of value to farmers and creamery men and of interest to all.

There will be an attractive fancy exhibit of cheese and other dairy products by Boston parties; also elaborate fancy exhibits of butter by Maine parties. The indications are that the exhibit of dairy machinery will be very large, and it will probably include some implements never before exhibited. All interested in dairying should make special efforts to attend.

## One of the Many Letters Which Help.

Mr. Editor: At the time I sent word to stop the Farmer I was feeling blue having had a hard time the past year, but when the next mail came it brought my Farmer and I was glad. Keep right on sending the good, old paper. I guess you, if there had been a law requiring the calling in of the depositors' books at stated periods and comparing them to the ledger accounts, the trouble at the Lubec bank could never have occurred.

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## County News.

—Roderick McDonald, Readfield, has sold his store to E. C. Moffitt & Co., and the stock of goods to Leon O. Tibbetta.

—Lewis Davis of Farmington, who bought the Allen farm in Pittston, has taken possession.

—Mr. H. R. Smiley of Sidney is on a visit to friends in Massachusetts, where he will remain during the cold weather.

—John Thomas, an aged citizen of Oakton, was stricken with paralysis, Monday forenoon, and now lies in a critical condition at the home of his son on Summer street.

—When Captain Henry King, Gardiner, went to his stable Thursday morning, he discovered that sometime during the night one of his horses had in some way broken a leg almost up to the thigh, the bone protruding from the flesh. It took him some time to get the horse up and he was in such a manner as to break the bone.

—The annex or new building of 140x140 of mill structure being built at the Holbrook, under the plan of Winslow, is expected to be completed the 15th of December. This means that the extensive plant owned by the company will be moved to Winslow, and with it will come quite a large crew.

—The weaver room in the woolen mill at Vassalboro, which has been running over time, has returned to normal time to the relief of the tired weavers. About 30,000 yards is the weekly output. Five of the six new houses built by W. T. Reynolds are now completed and are ready for occupancy. They are equipped with water and the walls and ceiling are hard finished throughout. The fall term at Oak Grove closed Nov. 30. The winter term will commence Nov. 30.

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## Merit Talks

—"Merit talks" the intrinsic value of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Merit in medicine means the power to cure. Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses actual and unequalled curative power and therefore it has true merit. When you buy Hood's Sarsaparilla and take it according to directions, to purify your blood, to cure any of the many blood diseases, you are morally certain to receive benefit. The power to cure is there. You are not trying an experiment. It will make your blood pure, rich and nourishing, and thus drive out the germs of disease, strengthen the nerves and build up the whole system.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best, in fact—the One True Blood Purifier. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills. Do not purge, but grip. All druggists.

WEAK LUNGS

are benefited almost immediately, the cause of the trouble being dispelled, the diseased membranes healed and the entire body invigorated and strengthened by the use of

ANCIENT'S PETROLEUM EMULSION

With Hypophosphites. The petroleum which it contains is a great healer of all broken down tissue, while the hypophosphites form a helpful element as a flesh creator, nerve strengthener and blood purifier. It has all the good qualities of cod-liver oil, without any of its objectionable features, being easy to assimilate and pleasant to take.

Sold by all druggists. 50c and \$1.00. Angier Chemical Co., Alton District, Boston.

A HEALTH BUILDER

Constructing a building you must begin at the foundation. It is so with the "L. F." Atwood's Bitters. They make stomach and digestion right, and thus furnish good material with which to build. You will have a good strong body in which to dwell if you use "L. F."

35c. a bottle. Avoid Imitations.

Digestine

(A MAINE WOMAN SAYS)

"Is Worth its Weight in Gold."

"I could neither eat or sleep by reason of Dropsy of 13 years' standing. Tried doctors and everything I could hear of. A few weeks ago I began the use of Digestine and can now eat anything and sleep like a baby. It is worth its weight in gold." Mrs. Wm. Johnson, Esq. Farmington, Me.

At Druggists. See a box.

THE DIGESTINE CO., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Chicago

Gluten Meal

The Great Concentrated

Dairy Feed

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## State News.

A \$250,000 contract for the Bath Iron Works makes all Bath glad. It pays to get a reputation for thorough work.

Sixteen new buildings erected at Lisbon Falls this season is a good record for any town. It means healthy growth.

Amasa Ford, one of the leading citizens of Jefferson, died suddenly Thursday of heart disease.

Work in earnest has again commenced on the Washington county railroad and the hopes of the faithful are hourly rising.

Lewis King was thrice shot by Paul Berry, Friday afternoon, at Easton, as the outcome of a long-standing feud. Both men are French Canadians but have lived there for several years.

C. E. Harden died very suddenly of pneumonia Sunday night at North Appleton where he has been a county missionary for the past year. He was formerly pastor there and greatly beloved by the people.

The first passenger car went over the Northern railroad between Caribou and Limestone, Tuesday. When will Ellsworth hear the first call. "All aboard for Ellsworth, Steuben and other towns in Washington county?"

Mrs. Lucetta Hutchins, who has been an inmate of the State Prison for the past five years, was liberated Friday. Mrs. Hutchins belonged in Atkinson, Piscataquis county, and was committed to prison for manslaying.

The Franklin and Megantic Railroad with all its equipments was sold, Tuesday afternoon. Its officers are Joseph S. Maxey and R. H. Winslow of Gardiner; Horace F. Horton of Providence, R. I.; and Leslie C. Cornish of Augusta.

Bryant Pond seems to feel the boom of prosperity, as Capt. John F. Dearborn's large pool mill, which has been idle for the past two years on account of the depressed condition of the business of the country, has started up and will continue a good business through the winter.

Deacon David R. Loring of Auburn celebrated his 100th anniversary Monday. He was born in Bath, Nov. 22, 1797, the year in which John Adams became President. Deacon Loring made many foreign voyages from Bath and other ports and afterward lived in Michigan for a number of years. Mr. Loring is able to walk out on pleasant days and can see and read and write without spectacles.

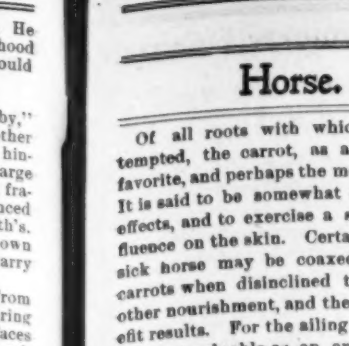
While out chopping cord wood, Saturday, one of the trees fell on Mr. Dingley Gage of Woodland, breaking one of his legs in five places. This was done about 2 o'clock and it was 7 o'clock in the evening when he was discovered. The tree he lay under for about two hours, mangled in that shape, and was only discovered by one of the neighbors happening to hear him calling for help.

A bad drowning accident has just occurred Saturday, Saturday, at the victim being Charles Morehouse, who in company with Erwin Spencer and S. N. Spencer was on his way in a canoe to their camp on Sebasticus stream. They had proceeded about a mile and a quarter when Mr. Morehouse seeing a duck stood up in the canoe to fire at it and losing his balance fell from the canoe into the river and was drowned.

The death of Edward P. Coffin, Skowhegan, one of the promising lawyers of Somerset county, by suicide, furnishes another illustration of the danger of speculation. With a career, peculiar in many ways, the ending is not as tragic as might have been under other circumstances. Mr. Coffin was insured in the Foresters for \$4,000, and the question now raised is whether the same can be held to liquidate a part of his defalcation.

Monday, Rev. J. L. Fischer of the Methodist church at Sprague's Mills, took a dose of poison by accident and it was with difficulty his life was saved, as in looking for an antidote he took the wrong one and a worse poison than the first. Between the two he was in a desperate condition, but took a large amount of hot water which acted as an emetic and saved his life. He will here





and a few may be given wi

Two grave mistakes are usually all breeders. The first is too many of their colts enter second in raising too many place animals. The country is crowded with stallions of value but there is a scarcity of workmen's road geldings. This sometimes as many stallions as yet many breeders are keeping colts entire from well-bred sort of a gelding will bring at four to six years of age the horse would if he were a stud.

If one wishes to see a buck and the making of a flyer, try Daisy C., the five-year-old of St. Croix, dam by Tom Lee, chased by Mr. H. H. Lee, A. S. carries the clean cut head, bright, full eye and large nose characteristic of this family prove a prize. She won a race at North Anson, this forenoon and a six-hat race last noon. Her record is 2.32 seconds no measure of her speed. I continued the last quarter of a mile and 34 seconds. Look out for next year.

J. F. Barrett of Deering, N. B.

accused of having acted as a judge during the New York County fair, will next month to appear before a grand jury of review carrying a charge of accepting evidence in denial of the charges and also recommendations of the grand jury and fair dealing. It is stated that Mr. Barrett will attempt to prove that the charges originally made against him are unfounded. He denies that he bought the races. The charges were made by Mr. Cleasby, the starter, against the board awarded to the national board of directors of S. Andrews of the association.

The cavalry service needs thousands of new horses every year. The prices vary from \$125 to \$150 for these. A few years ago horses were considered so low that fine horses were not very popular. Good horses brought double the prices of those of the past. But to-day the prices are high and the demand is increased and the supply is limited.

never had such an opportunity of horse flesh as this point that \$200 is now fair sum for some pretty racers as well as roadsters horses.

A certain man had become dealer in horses. He had bought and sold thousands and there was hardly a man of fifty miles but had with him. In his later years he was interested in and finally got the local churches. One evening he gave an exhortation in the church he said: "If I have any man I am willing to pay for." He was aroused later, tapping at the door. The window he called out: "Blank of Ashland, who the horse of you?" came the

heard what you said in prison last night and came early for me that by daylight there would be no jam I couldn't get in sight of.

A blacksmith gave a good hard cider every time he showed up. His place became very popular. The farmers came from many miles in both states to get their horses shod. Many of them were home intoxicated, and their wives protested. They always had some excuse for having visited the blacksmith's place. The saloon line shop, and so the blacksmith supplied them with a few hard cider, would take their horses and put on the harness whether they needed them or not. This service he would charge around price, while many of the farmers would not charge. It was noticed he made no money. He said, "But as is the way of the blacksmith died one day."

his business secrets came out of an estate of over \$80,000, and a lar of the cider press a great empty whiskey barrels were where he had been putting his cider, and had been shown on nearly every horse along, willy nilly."

At the stables of Amos Fairfield, can surely be as happy and distinguished for family is his chestnut mare, I saw side Nelson colt, which she side. Iona S. is the queen Maine trotting turf, while the colt, Nelson, 2:06, is the Maine trotting and the first colt of this grade, and the lowest race trotting mare. Maine bred mare. She was brino and her dam was by Dr. This mare is a rich, deep color, stands 15 1/2 hands tall and

gamey going mare. The dam, Not long ago, Mr. Nelson. This colt is the same one raised by Mr. Gerald, and is a mate in every respect. This by Nelson and out of a dam second dam by Dictator. Gerald will have the two of this winter. Amos always has and still

... still clings to the horse  
veloping the electrical cur  
State.



## Horse.

Of all roots with which horses are tempted, the carrot, as a rule, is the favorite, and perhaps the most beneficial. It is said to be somewhat diuretic in its effects, and to exercise a salubrious influence on the skin. Certain it is that a sick horse may be coaxed into eating carrots when disinclined to partake of other nourishment, and the greatest benefit results. For the ailing horse carrots are most valuable as an article of diet, and a few may be given with advantage even to a horse in healthy condition.

Two grave mistakes are made by nearly all breeders. The first is in keeping too many of their colts entire, and the second in raising too many common-place animals. The country is still crowded with stallions of no real value, but there is a scarcity of well-bred, four-year-old stallions. There are four times as many stallions as are needed, yet many breeders are keeping all their colts entire and will bring more money at four to six years of age than the same horse would if he were a stallion.

If one wishes to see a bundle of nerves and the making of a flyer, take a look at Daisy C., the five-year-old bay mare by St. Croix, dam by Tom Lang, just purchased by Mr. H. H. Lee, Augusta. She carries the clean cut head and ear, bright, full eye and large nerve nostril, characteristic of this family, and will prove a prize. She won one three-year-old race at North Anson, this year, in the forenoon and a six-year-old race in the afternoon. Her record is 2:32 1/2, but this is no measure of her speed. She has been timed the last quarter of a mile in 32 1/2 and 34 seconds. Look out for her next year.

J. F. Barrett of Deering, who has been accused of having bought pools while acting as a judge during the trotting at the York County fair, will go to New York next month to appear before the board of review carrying a grip full of evidence in denial of the charges made, and also recommendations of his honesty and fair dealing. It is understood that Mr. Barrett will attempt to show that the charges originally made were the result of a conspiracy entered against him. He denies that he bought pools on the race. The charges were made by Mr. Cleary, the starter, and were forwarded to the national board through S. S. Andrews of the association.

The cavalry service needs about seven thousand new horses every year, and prices varying from \$125 to \$250 are paid for these. A few years ago these prices were considered so low that the offers of fine horses were not very numerous. Good horses brought double these sums in those early days of horse breeding. But to-day there has been a radical change inaugurated, and Uncle Sam never had such an opportunity for selecting fine horses at his own price. The price of horse flesh has dropped to such a point that \$200 is now considered a fair sum for some pretty fine animals, racers as well as roadsters and work horses.

A certain man had been a life long dealer in horses. He had probably bought and sold thousands of animals and there was hardly a man within the radius of fifty miles but had had dealings with him. In his later years he became interested in and finally joined one of the local churches. One evening while giving an exhortation in prayer meeting he said: "If I have ever wronged any man I am willing to pay him four-fold." He was aroused late at night by loud rapping at the door. Raising his window he called out: "Who's there?" "Black of Ashland, who bought such a horse of you," came the answer; "I heard what you said in prayer meeting last night and came early for I thought that by daylight there would be such a jam I couldn't get in sight of the house!"

A blacksmith gave a good drink of hard cider every time he shed a horse. His place became very popular, and the farmers came from many miles around in both states to get their horses shod at his place. Many of them would come home intoxicated, and their wives began to protest. They always had to have some excuse for having visited the state line shop, and so the blacksmith, after supplying them with a few dips of hard cider, would take the shoes off their beasts and put on new ones whether they needed them or not. For this service he would charge a good round price, while in many instances it was noticed he made no charge for the shoe. "But as the way of all flesh, this blacksmith died one day, and then his business secrets came out. He left an estate of over \$80,000, and in the cellar of the cider press a great number of empty whiskey barrels were found. For years he had been putting whiskey into his cider, and had been setting new shoes on nearly every horse which came along, willy nilly."

At the stables of Amos F. Gerald, Fairfield, can surely be seen a most happy and distinguished family. This family is his chestnut mare, Iona S., 2:17, and Nelson colt, which is now by her side. Iona S. is the queen of the Maine trotting turf, while the sire of her colt, Nelson, 2:09, is the king of the Maine trotting turf, and the colt is the first colt of this great mare. Iona S. has the lowest race trotting record of any Maine bred mare. She was sired by Albino and her dam was Daniel Boone. This mare is a rich, deep chestnut in color, stands 15 1/2 hands tall and is a very game going mare. The colt is five months old and looks very much like his dam. Not long ago, Mr. Gerald purchased a mate for this colt from Mr. Nelson. This colt is the same age as the one raised by Mr. Gerald, and a perfect mate in every respect. This last one is by Nelson and out of a dam by Wilkes, this dam by Dictator Chief. Mr. Gerald will have the two colts broken and still clinging to the horse while deplugging the electrical currents of the State.

Interest in horses that earned fame during the War of the Rebellion revives every now and again. Recently H. W. Leonard, who resides near Port Huron, gave the history of the horse General Phil Sheridan rode on his historic twenty-mile trip. Mr. Leonard said: "A great deal has been said about the horse which bore General Phil Sheridan on his famous twenty-mile ride during the rebellion. The horse came from St. Clair county, Michigan, and was once my property. I sold him to E. J. Inslee, who afterwards turned him over to Archie Campbell. When Mr. Campbell became colonel of the Second Michigan Cavalry, he presented the horse to Brigadier General Phil Sheridan. I lived at that time in the township of Grant. The horse was foaled in Ontario, and was brought over to this country by A. P. Sexton, of whom I bought it when it was a 2-year-old colt. Campbell was obliged to come home from the army because of poor health, and died at the home of Henry Kingsley, Clyde township, in this county. The horse was four years old when I sold it. I am glad that I was the means of furnishing the best horse in the United States for that important national event, one that will always be remembered in our history."

A band of gypsies passed through Port Jervis, N. Y., on the way South some weeks ago. They encamped in a grove about one mile from the town to attend to a sick horse. Here they pressed on as far as the old time camping ground near Dingman's, Pa., but there the horse fell dead. They pitched their tents and for a number of days stopped every wagon and bicyclist on the way to Water Gap or Bushkill, asking them if they had a horse to trade for a woman. They showed the woman they were willing to trade. She was twenty years of age and pretty, with dark brown hair, fine teeth and blue eyes. She seemed much interested and with keen interest watched each person who approached. A merchant from Port Jervis, when stopped, asked: "Why do you wish to trade her for a horse? Why don't you buy a horse and take the woman with you?" "Because," the leader said, "we are one too many, anyway, and she has too many new ideas for us and it is cheaper to trade a horse than a dissatisfied woman." The girl, when asked her opinion of the trade, said: "It's all right. I'm willing to go. If I hate more money than a horse you needn't take me. If we were in the South I would have been working in some nice family by this time."

Care of Stallions.

A breeding stallion should be kept in perfect health. No animal can be kept in health without exercise. Plenty of sound, good food should be given, equal to from ten to sixteen quarts of oats per day, depending upon his size and exercise, and about what he will eat up clean. He should have some work, twice a day, morning and evening, not so much as to make him dull, for he should always be spirited and lively. Driving him the buggy, exercising him on horseback, and doing any little jobs of light work will make him all the stronger; once or twice a week before a light wagon, he can be allowed to trot at full speed, if he feels like it, a quarter or a half mile, and feel all the better for it, and be more likely to impart speed to his progeny. If he has a lot of half an acre or less, with a high plank fence around it, so he can be turned in and cannot get out, it will be beneficial to him, for then he can get the pure air and the warm sunshine, and roll and plunge and play as he pleases.

By The Way.

Thus saith Prof. Davenport of the University of Illinois: "Besides the heavy draft, let us have a useful, intelligent horse of medium size, with a deep, thick chest, upstanding neck, full forehead and large, bright eye, an open nostril and an erect ear; a short leg, heavy muscled, with a long, easy stride that brings the foot lightly to the ground. Then, with a short back and a strong loin, we shall have a horse of good action, of great endurance, and one that will give good promise of rendering service for twenty years. For such a horse there is a strong demand. Who will breed him, and out of what blood lines will he be produced?" That's another formula for the horse that we could have bred all these years. Isn't it just possible that the light harness horse of America, might more nearly fill that bill than any other breed? True, he does not combine a long, low stride with what we call "action," but he is of medium to good size, has a deep, thick chest, good neck, usually full forehead, bright eye and erect ear. The short back is not a necessity, for among the best horses are a number with long backs. If Prof. Davenport has visited the Chicago or New York Horse Show, he has seen a great many home bred horses that fill the bill, and they may or may not be trotting-bred.

There are several causes for forging, viz.: carrying the head low; horse being allowed to shuffle along, and not kept well in hand. Another cause is too long toes forward, or general elevation of the entire forward feet; also too much action behind. The first thing is to quicken and elevate the forward action. To do this, lower and shorten toes. Have the quarters and heels thicker than the toes. To lessen the action behind use a long shoe and small calks. It may be that the forward feet have been allowed to grow long and high. In the event of too much feet forward the horse is very liable to forge. Keep the feet reduced and that of itself may correct the fault.

Horse Owners! Use

Caustic Balm

The Highest Honors

The Reliable Incubator & Brooder Co.

has received official notice that they have captured the highest award in their incubator and brooder at the Brussels, Belgium, International exposition. They were honored with the bronze medal and diploma, the greatest distinction that could be conferred. The competition was very sharp, leading incubator mak-

ers of Europe as well as America entering the contest. The Reliable was represented by G. Vanvalkenburg, their resident agent at Brussels. Thus is Quincy's reputation as a great manufacturing center becoming world-wide.—Quincy Whig.

Thirteen Dozen Eggs.

Mr. Editor: I have been making out an account with my hens for the past year, and will enclose same to you. I began Nov. 5, 1896, with 40 S. C. Brown Leghorn pullets, and the record to Nov. 5, 1897, is:

1896, Eggs, 290  
December, 290  
1897, Eggs, 290  
January, 290  
February, 290  
March, 290  
April, 290  
May, 290  
June, 290  
July, 290  
August, 290  
September, 290  
October, 290  
November, 290  
Total, 3,480  
Average per hen, 13.20

This year I began with 33 yearling hens and 30 pullets. Had poor success during the damp season raising chickens. I hope to do better another spring.

Mrs. E. H. Leland.

Will Mrs. L. please give the Farmer her method of feeding in detail? The record is a good one. Such a flock pays a good percent over expenses.



## After Work

keen satisfaction and solid comfort comes with every pipe or chew of

**B-L**  
TOBACCOS

"World's Fair" cut plug smokes about right.

**Poultry.**

**SIXTEEN**

Dollars for every man who keeps hens and gives attention

**TO**

the suggestions given in the Maine Farmer poultry column, for

**ONE**

dollar and fifty cents expended.

One month free.

A Standard Incubator and Brooder free. Now is the time to secure it. Not one cent necessary from your wallet. Write the Farmer at once for particulars.

The article by "Leghorn" is directly in line with the position so frequently urged in these columns and must be accepted as correct. The first step and poultry keepers is to make the most of the home market.

Egg eaters in August are crying for fresh eggs and finding none, while parties keeping the egg machines in the form of hens are crying down the industry. The secret of winter production is the gateway to prosperity. Find it.

A Summer woman has lately bought 24 chickens for \$15. She dressed and sent them to Boston and received \$24. After paying express, \$7 profit remained. This is safer than counting out eggs 'ere they be hatched.

At the late large fairs and exhibitions in the West the Victor Incubator seems to have swept the field, winning first premium wherever shown. This is a good record in a section where incubators abound and competition is lively. Buyers will do well to look up this machine before purchasing.

The poultry breeders of Amesbury, Mass., will hold a great show Nov. 30, Dec. 1, and 2. The experts will find a superior lot of birds to score and who ever wins in the American classes may be proud of the honor. We have seen some of their birds and can testify to their quality.

A poultry-raising "plant" for educational purposes has been established at the Rhode Island Agricultural College at Kingston. It is proposed to make the teaching of poultry culture a regular feature, to begin with a special four weeks' course in January of the coming winter. Why not introduce the subject at Orono? The poultry industry is worth more to the State of Maine than many others backed by our State University.

At the Experiment Station, Amherst, Mass., an attempt has been made to learn the comparative value of cut bone and animal meal for egg production. In 79 days, 10 hens fed 10 pounds of cut bone, with other food to make a suitable ration, laid 209 eggs, while 19 hens, fed a little less than 10 pounds of animal meal with other food, laid but 145 eggs. One-tenth of an ounce of cut bone daily, certainly had a magical effect on those hens! And yet animal meal is a tip-top food for laying hens. We are told the "experiment is being repeated," and surely it should be to determine the question.

A Big Yield.

Mrs. Fairfield Farrar of Buckfield, had from forty B. P. Rock hens 6498 eggs in nine months commencing Jan. 1st and closing with Sept. 30th. This means 162 1/2 eggs per hen for the time, one of the most remarkable records ever reported through our columns. Bear in mind that it covers the broody as well as laying season of the year. The kicker will at once deny that such a record is possible, simply because he fails to obtain it but those who keep hens and give them an opportunity to do their best will accept the figures and try the harder to reach them.

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three pound chicks, rather than to try for roasters, especially as in the former plan we get pullets "coming in" at just the right time for fall laying. I would not advise going into this work with a great flourish, if one has not had experience with artificial incubation and rearing; but I would try a couple of hundred chicks next spring. This would perhaps give a hundred cockerels and cull pullets to sell. From this venture one could tell very well how the work would pay if engaged in more extensively. It seems a great pity for thousands of dollars to go out of the State every summer for poultry that we could just as well produce here at home. It is not every State that has such a summer market right at its door, and I am sure we have so far failed to appreciate our opportunities in this respect. LEONORS.

A THANKSGIVING HYMN.

For bud and for bloom and for balm-laden breeze,  
For the thringing of birds from the hills to the seas,  
For the beauty of dawn and the brightness of noon,  
For the light in the night of the stars and the moon,  
We praise thee, gracious God,  
For the sun-ripened fruit and the billowy grain,  
For the orange and apple, the corn and the cane,  
For the bountiful harvests now gathered and stored,  
That by thee in the lap of the nations were poured,  
We praise thee, gracious God,  
For the blessing of friends, for the old and the new,  
For the hearts that are trusted and trusting and true,  
For the tones that we love, for the light of the eye,  
That warms with a welcome and glows with good-bye,  
We praise thee, gracious God,  
That the desolate poor may find shelter and bread,  
That the sick may be comforted, nourished, and fed,  
That the sorrow may cease of the sighing and weep,  
That the spirit bowed down may be lifted and glad,  
We pray thee, plying Lord,  
That brother the hand of his brother may clasp,  
From ocean to ocean in friendly grasp,  
That for north and for south and for east and for west,  
The horror of war be forever at rest,  
We pray thee, pitying Lord,  
For the blessings of earth and of air and of sky,  
That fall on us all from the Father on high,  
For the crown of all blessing since blessing begun,  
For the gift, "the unspeakable gift" of thy Son,  
We praise thee, gracious God,  
—S. E. Adams, in Century.

Ludicrous mistakes are often made by the transposition of words, syllables or letters by speakers, and make a fine bit of oratory is utterly ruined by a mistake of this kind. How could the guests at the table be expected to "keep their faces straight" when an after-dinner speaker said, in his carefully prepared little speech: "Dickery is the humorist, and Thackens is the satirist," and then, trying to correct the blunder, said: "Er—er—Thickery is the satirist and Dackens is the humorist?" Or imagine, if one can, the feelings of the chagrined minister who said "tot and jittle" in the pulpit, and in trying to correct himself said "tit and jottle." Imagine also the feelings of those who did not dare "laugh in meetin'." And it is said that a Baltimore minister said most impressively, "He turned his eyesightballs up to heaven." No one could imagine what a certain speaker meant when he said "Biddy diddy," and then stopped, and after a moment of confusion said, "Biddy Biddy," and then, with a scintilla of coldly perspiring brow, gasped out, "Biddy diddy biddy doo." Then he had to sit down and rest a while before he could say, "Did he bid adieu?" "How is your wife to-day?" asked a lady of a gentleman she met on the horse car. "She is some better, thank you." "And has her inflammatory rheumatism left her?" "Her inflammatory rheumatism has left her," replied the gentleman. "I would like some nines and peedles," said a lady at the small-ware counter of a Boston dry-goods store. "Beg pardon," said the clerk. "Nines and peedles?" "Oh! pins and needles, I mean."—Wide Awake.

Standing on the top of the Cheviot Hills, a little son's hand inclosed in his, a father taught the measure of the measureless love of God. Pointing northward over Scotland, then southward over England, then eastward over the German Ocean, then westward over the limitless hill and dale, and then sweeping his hand and eye over the whole circling horizon, he said: "Johnnie, my boy, God's love is as big as all that!"

"Why, father," the boy cheerily replied, with sparkling eyes, "then we must be in the very middle of it!"

Albuminoids, proteins, protein, and other extract are terms used to describe that part of animal food that is used for the building up of flesh or muscle and making blood and hair; in short, flesh formers. Carbohydrates and nitrogen free extract are terms used to describe those elements in food used to keep up the animal heat and to store up surplus fat to be burned in keeping up the animal heat when cold weather comes. Cellular tissue is the coarse, woody part of grass or grain which has but little digestibility and is mainly used for filling. Familiarity with these terms will greatly simplify the study of farm topics and is necessary for an approach to the science of feeding.

The two sons of George M. Pullman, left with an income yearly of \$3000, have no attractions for the two young women who had promised to marry them when they were known simply as the sons of their father. Undoubtedly the young fellows are well rid of a bad bargain. They are proving their good sense by accepting minor positions in the car shops, determined to work up.

John Temple Graves of Georgia, in a recent lecture on the "New Woman and the Old," said: "Woman is no longer a sentiment; she is a problem, and it is now our unhappy mission to grapple with her or surrender, as I have done."

## A Great Chew

Lorillard's new chewing tobacco is rich, juicy, lasting. See your dealer about it and ask for

## Cartridge Plug

1/4 lb 10¢

THE ROAD HORSE ESTABLISHMENT OF NEW ENGLAND.

THE IDEAL ROAD HORSE.

IMPORTED French Coach Stallions, Service Fee, \$50.00 to warrant, Gemarc, Lothaire, Capitain.

Size, substance, intelligence, good disposition, and unbounded courage guaranteed. Breed for a quick market. These Colts sell.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

COME AND SEE ME.

ELMWOOD FARM, Lewiston Junction, Maine.

J. S. SANBORN, PROPRIETOR.

Champion Offer to Subscribers.

Grand Cash Premium. Every Subscriber, Old or New, Shares Alike.

\$2.25 FOR THE MAINE FARMER ONE YEAR, AND EITHER THE

Farmer's Handy Egg Case, 12 doz., or Butter Carrier 12 to 18 lbs.

Lowest Retail Price of Either, \$1.50.

IMPROVE THIS OPPORTUNITY.

Secure this Grand Premium and the only Agricultural Newspaper in Maine, at once.

Boston and Yukon Transportation and Supply Co.,

Capital, \$500,000, Shares, \$1.00.

Each Fully Paid and Non-Assessable.

There is a strong appeal to the Commercial district in the opportunity which the rush to the Yukon has created for the transportation of goods and passengers.

This company is formed for the purpose of trading in all kinds of supplies and will send a ship of 500-ton burthen from Boston in November, stocked with the necessary provisions, clothing and implements requisite for the miners and public use, sailing by the way of Cape Horn, arriving at the Gold Fields at the opening of the season.

In regard to passenger service, we can accommodate but a limited number (say fifty). To those investing in the stock of the company the following inducements are offered:

Passage from Boston to the centre of the gold regions, including one year's supply of food, clothing, camp and mining outfit complete.

\$350.

Every dollar invested in this Company will return 10 for one.

This company enters into no chimerical scheme, but at once strikes at the foundation of success, by conveying in the best and cheapest manner articles most in demand, without which there can be no success, no gold and no return for your money.

Shares can be procured either by mail or at the company's office, No. 164A Tremont St., rooms 6 and 7.

Correspondence, personal interviews and full investigation invited.

Make checks, money and express orders payable to

GEORGE Z. LYTHGOE, Treasurer.

TWO GREAT

EGG MAKERS!

Mann's Granite Crystal Egg

Mann's Bone Cutters

THE IMPROVED

VICTOR Incubator

CANADIAN HORSES.

CUMMINGS & PRESCOTT

have lately received a new lot of heavy draft, road and business horses, for sale or exchange, at Spencer's Stable, Augusta, Me. B. J. STURGEON, Register.

Attest: W. A. NEWCOMB, Register.

KENNEBEC COUNTY. In Probate Court, at Augusta, on the second Monday of November, 1897.

A CERTAIN INSTRUMENT, purporting to be the last will and testament of FRANCES CARROLL, late of Augusta, in said County, deceased, having been presented for probate: ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively, prior to the second Monday of December next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate, then to be held in Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved and allowed as the last will and testament of the said deceased: W. A. NEWCOMB, Register.

KENNEBEC COUNTY. In Probate Court, at Augusta, on the second Monday of November, 1897.



## The Ag

ers will present valuable and interesting matter, which will be fully reported in our next issue.